A

COLLECTION

OF

New SONGS:

With a Thorow-Basſ to each SONG, for the *Harpſichord, Theorbo, Lute*, or *Spinett.*

Sett to Muſick by Mr. *Gillier.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*, for *Henry Playford* at his Shop in the *Temple-Change, Fleetſtreet.* 1698.

Where may be had the Propoſals of the Muſick-Lottery, as alſo Dr. *John Blow's* New *Harpſichord-Book.*

To my Honoured Friend,

Capt. WORTLEY.

Honoured Sir,

HAving your Opinion and Approbation of the Compoſing Theſe my Firſt *SONGS* in *Engliſh*; and knowing of your being a Judge, do think my ſelf Obliged to Dedicate them to you, hoping the favour of your Acceptance, which will be an Honour to,

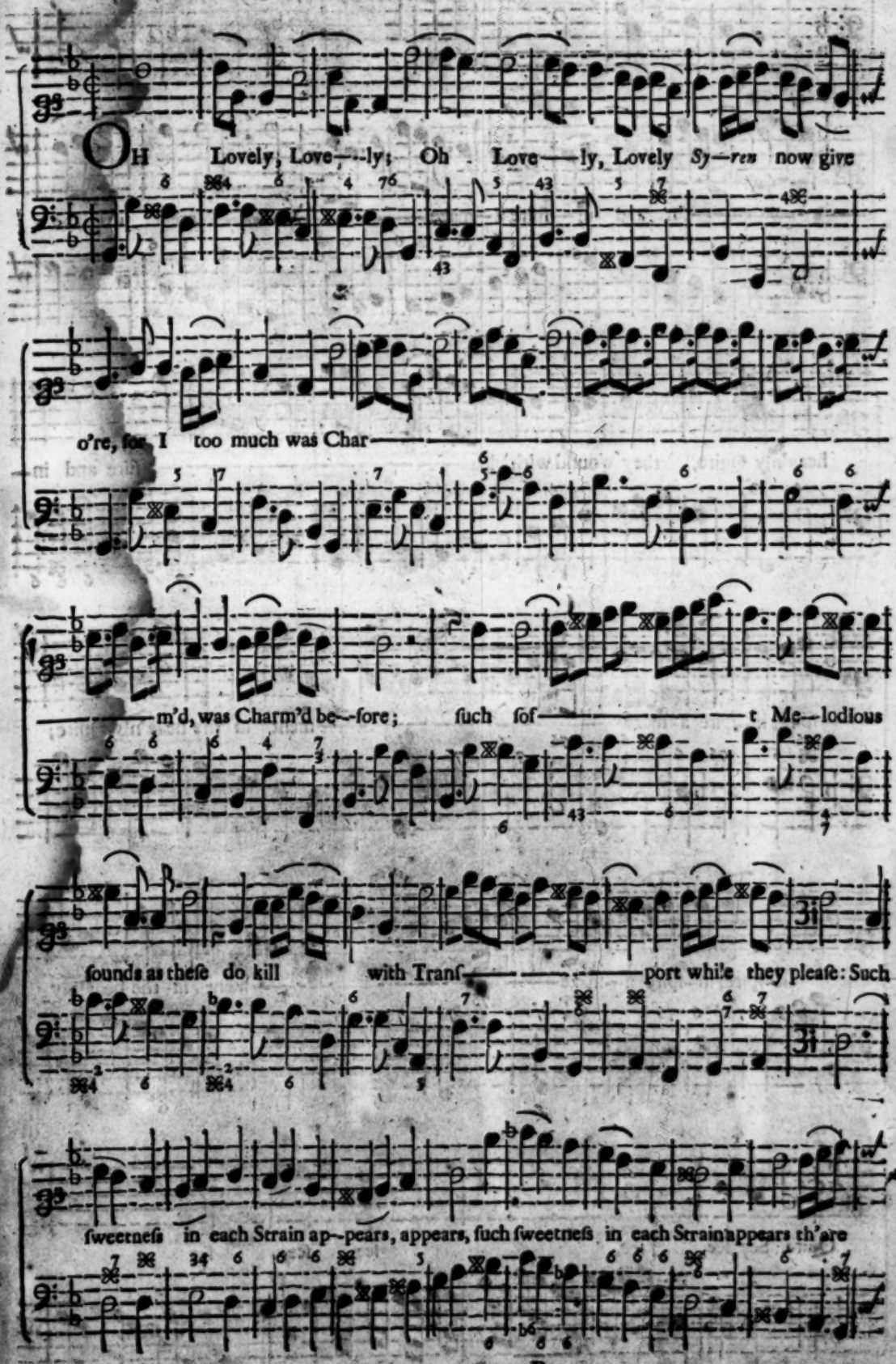
Sir,

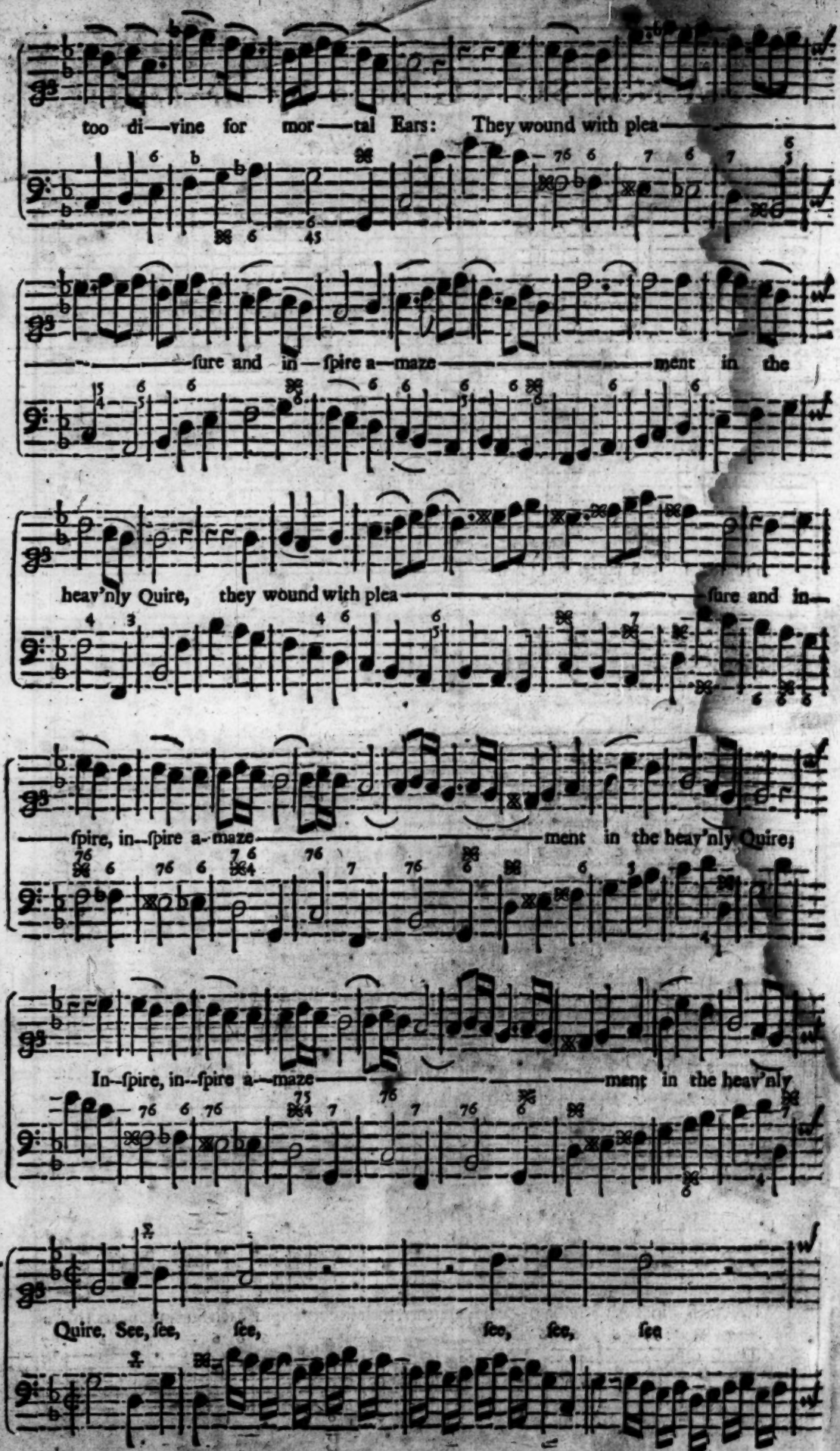
Your moſt Humble Servant,

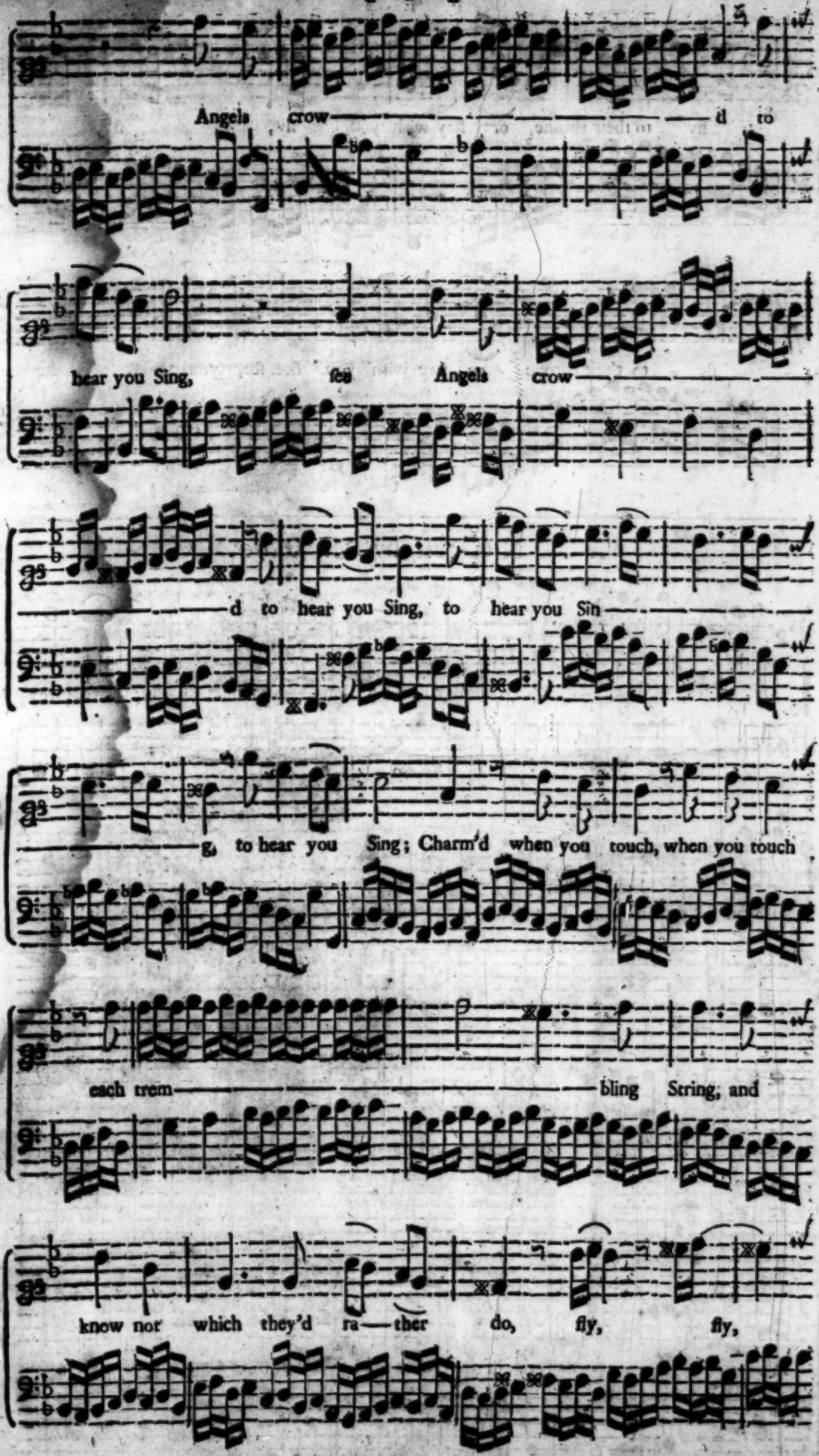
GILLIER.

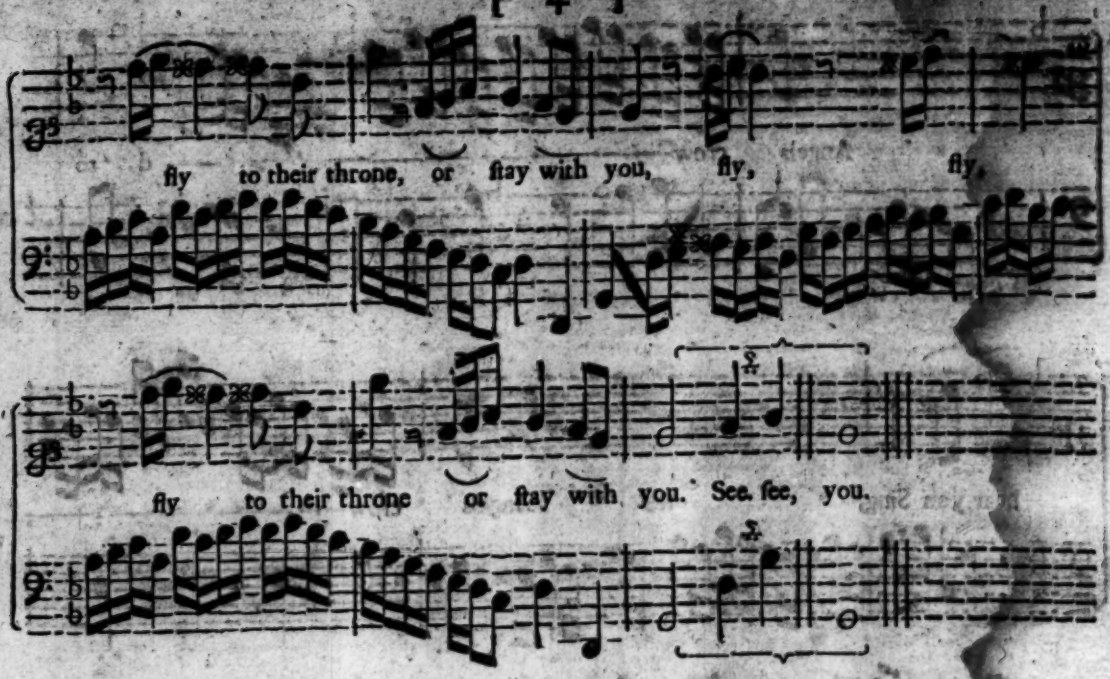
A New SONG Sung by Mr. *Pate*,

Sett by Mr. *Gillier*.

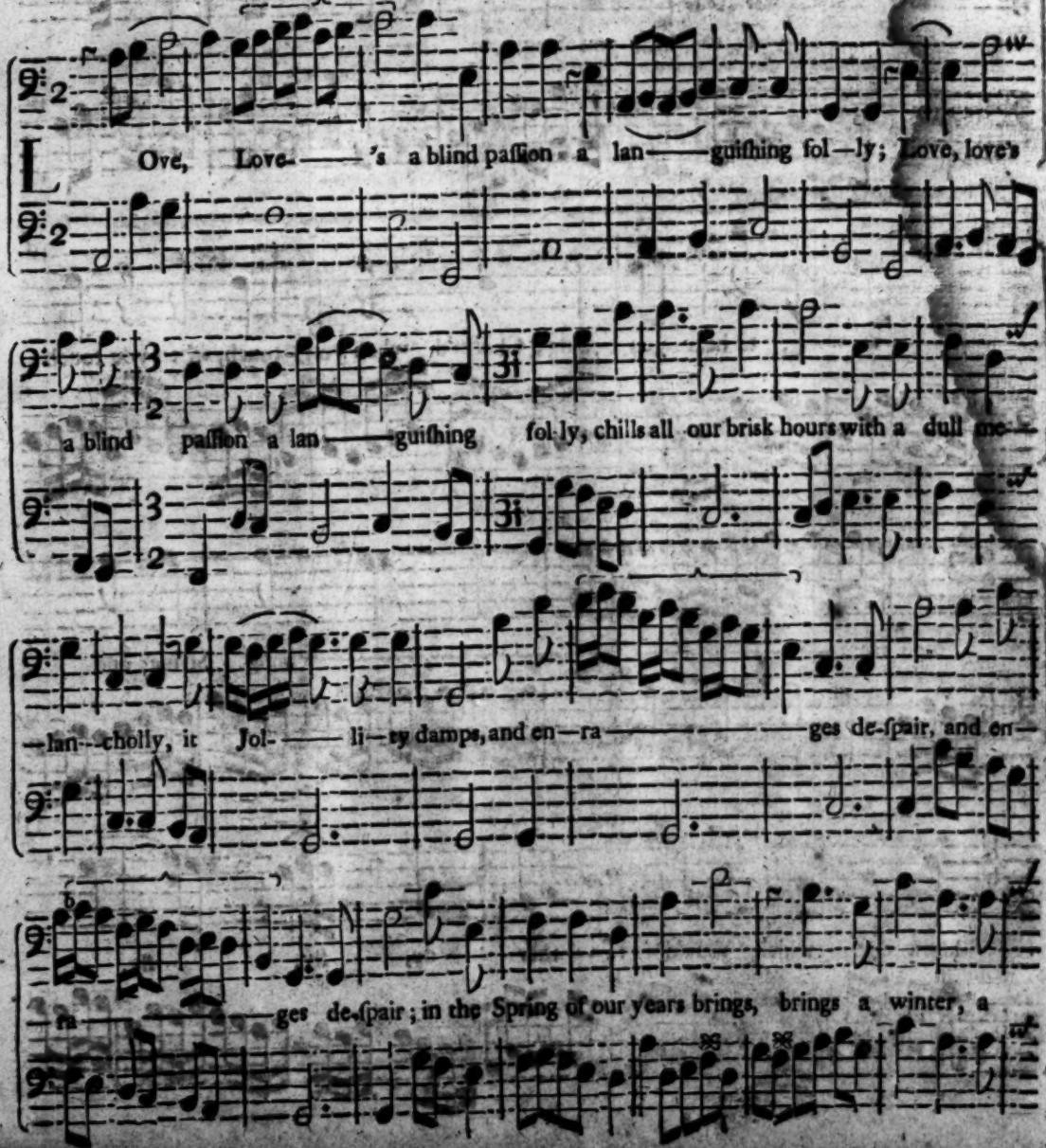


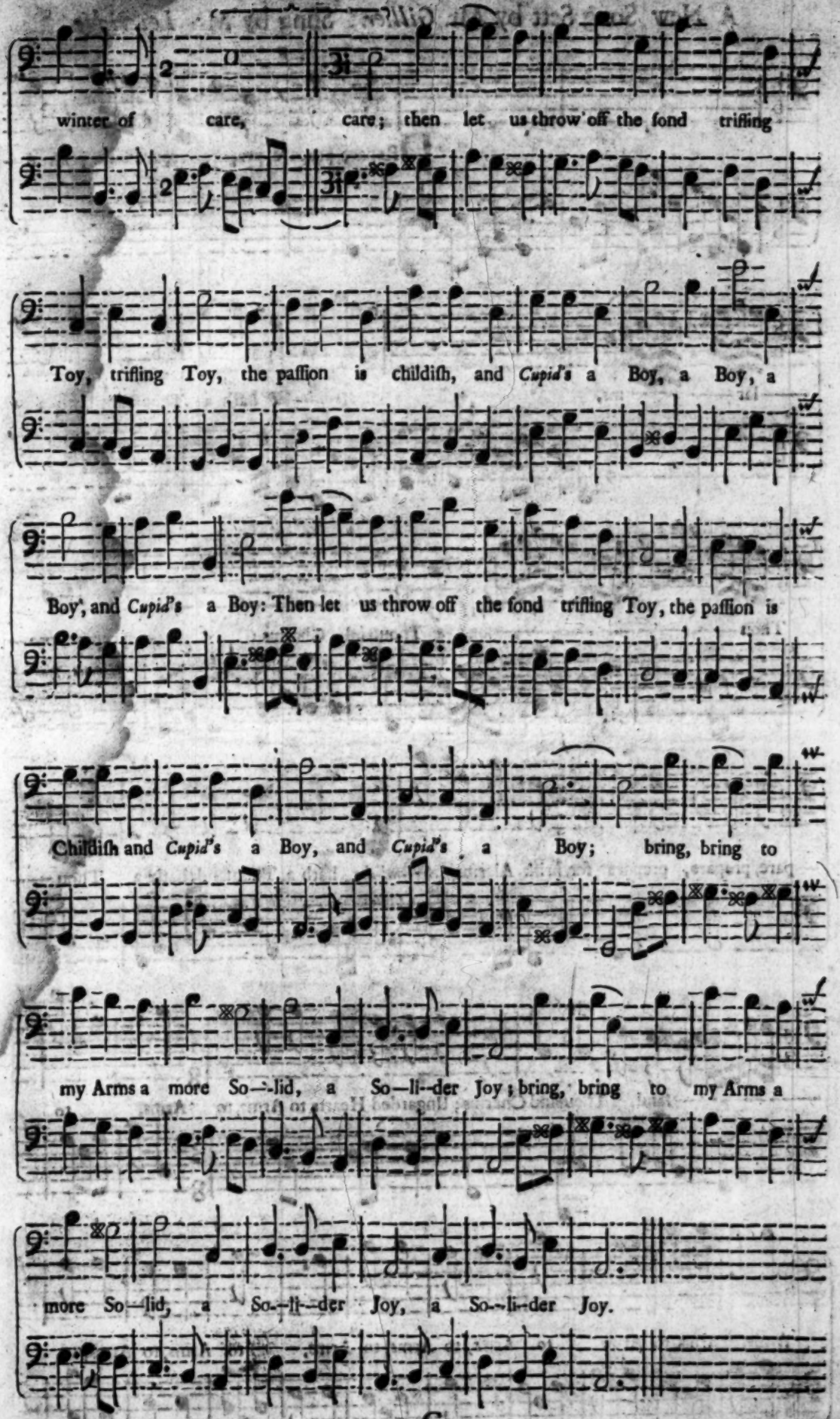

too di—vine for mor——tal Ears: They wound with plea——
——ſure and in—ſpire a—maze——ment in the
heav'nly Quire, they wound with plea——ſure and in—
——ſpire, in—ſpire a—maze——ment in the heav'nly Quire;
In—ſpire, in—ſpire a—maze——ment in the heav'nly
Quire. See, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee


Angels crow d to
hear you Sing, for Angels crow
d to hear you Sing, to hear you Sin
g, to hear you Sing; Charm'd when you touch, when you touch
each trem bling String, and
know nor which they'd ra—ther do, fly, fly,

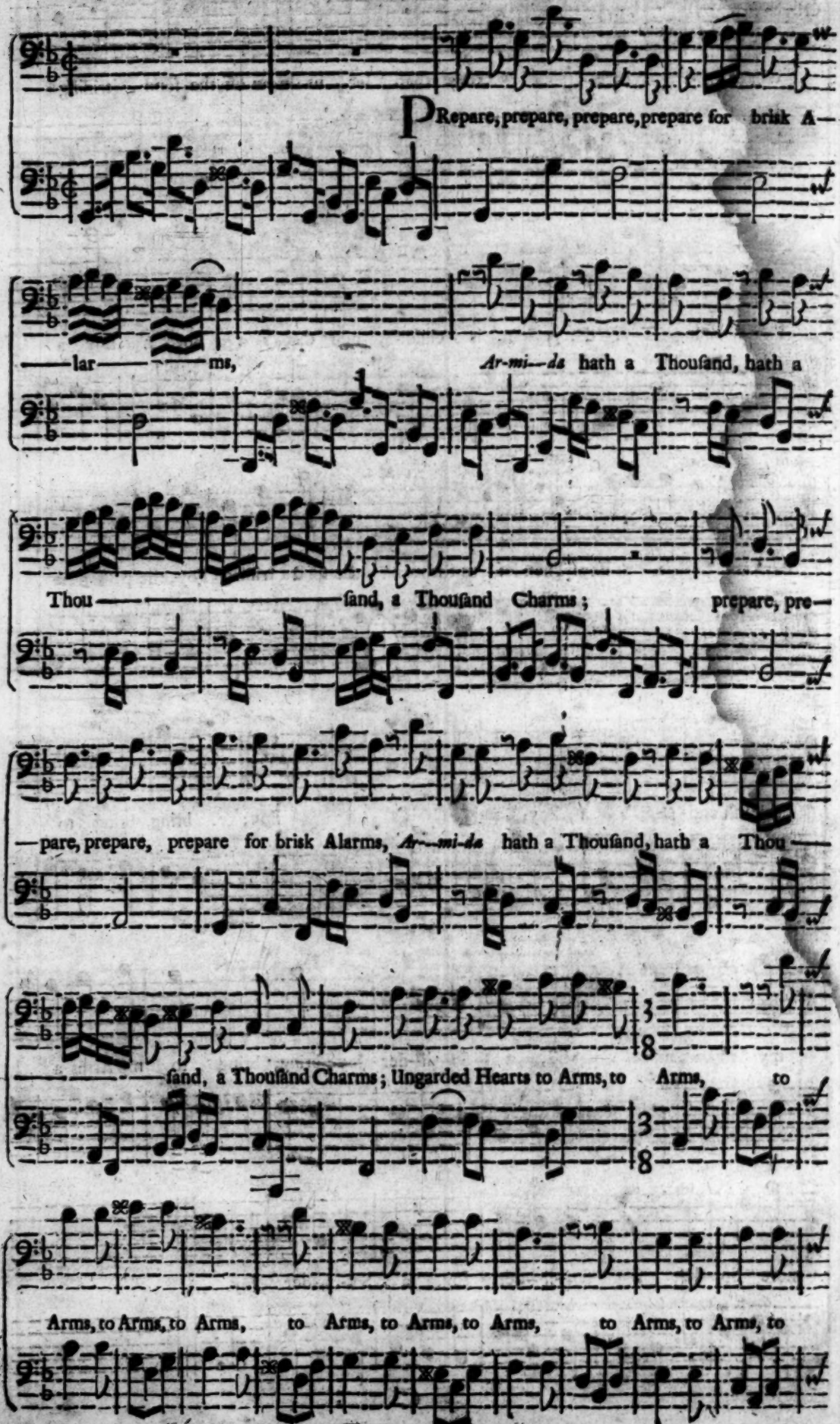


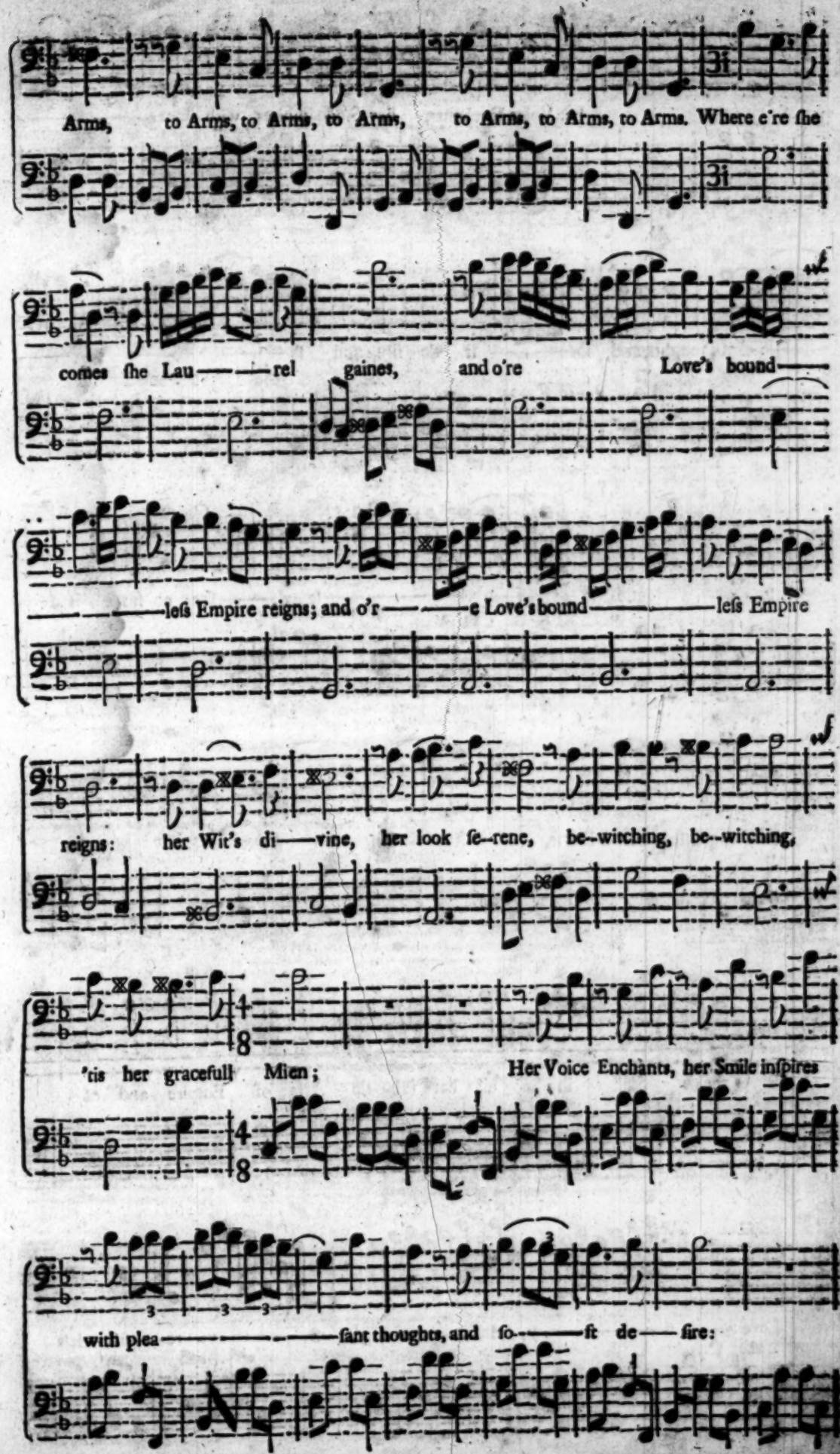
A SONG Sett by Mr. *Gillier*.




winter of care, care; then let us throw off the fond trifling
Toy, trifling Toy, the paſſion is childiſh, and *Cupid's* a Boy, a Boy, a
Boy, and *Cupid's* a Boy: Then let us throw off the fond trifling Toy, the paſſion is
Childiſh and *Cupid's* a Boy, and *Cupid's* a Boy; bring, bring to
my Arms a more So--lid, a So--li--der Joy; bring, bring to my Arms a
more So--lid, a So--li--der Joy, a So--li--der Joy.

A New Song Sett by Mr. *Gillier.* Sung by Mr. *Leveridge.*




Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms. Where e're ſhe
comes ſhe Lau——rel gaines, and o're Love's bound——
——leſs Empire reigns; and o'r——e Love's bound——leſs Empire
reigns: her Wit's di——vine, her look ſe--rene, be--witching, be--witching,
'tis her graceful Mien; Her Voice Enchants, her Smile inſpires
with plea——ſant thoughts, and ſo——ft de——ſire:

her Voice Enchants, her Smile inſpires with plea-

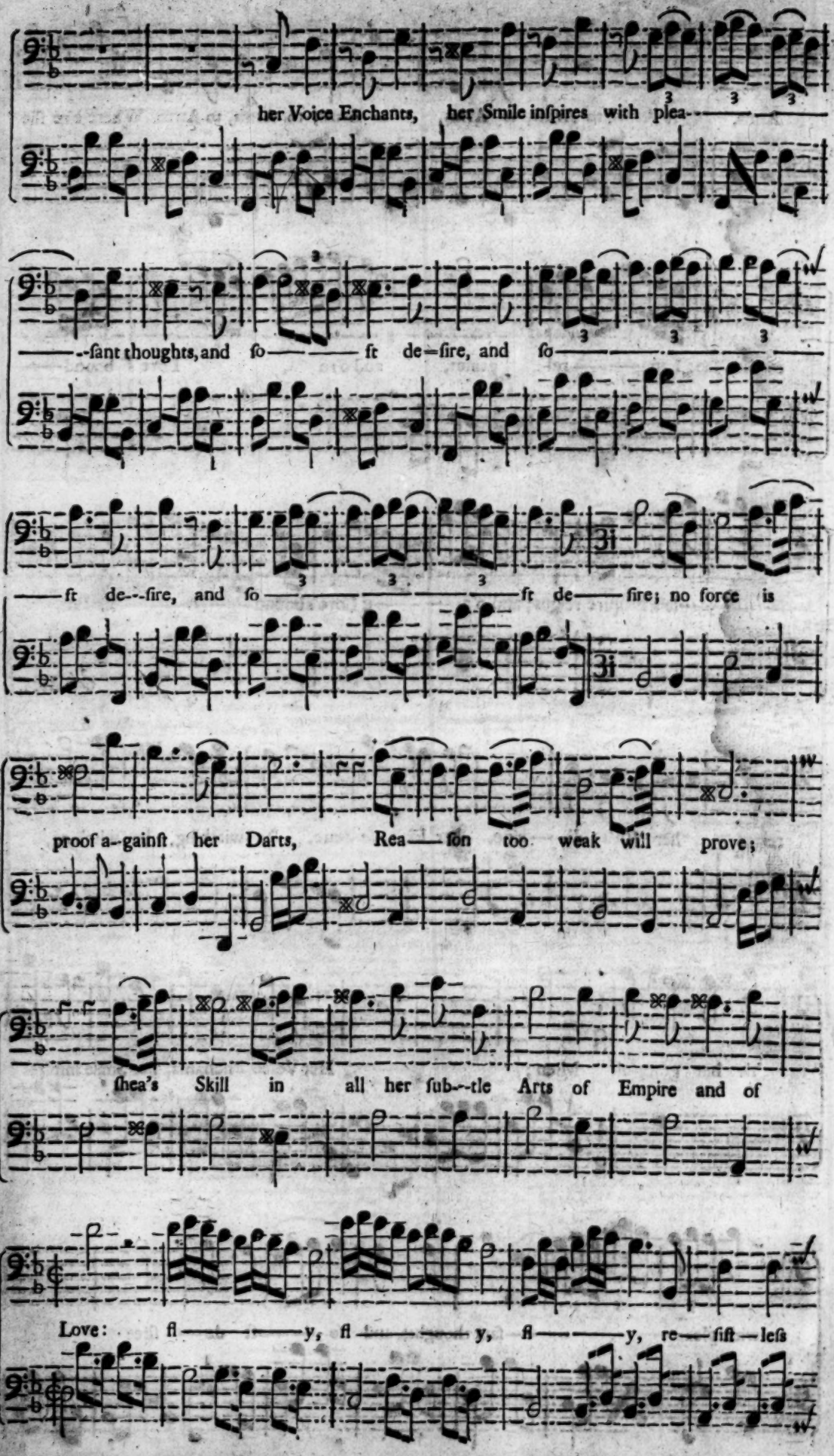
--ſant thoughts, and ſo ft de=ſire, and ſo

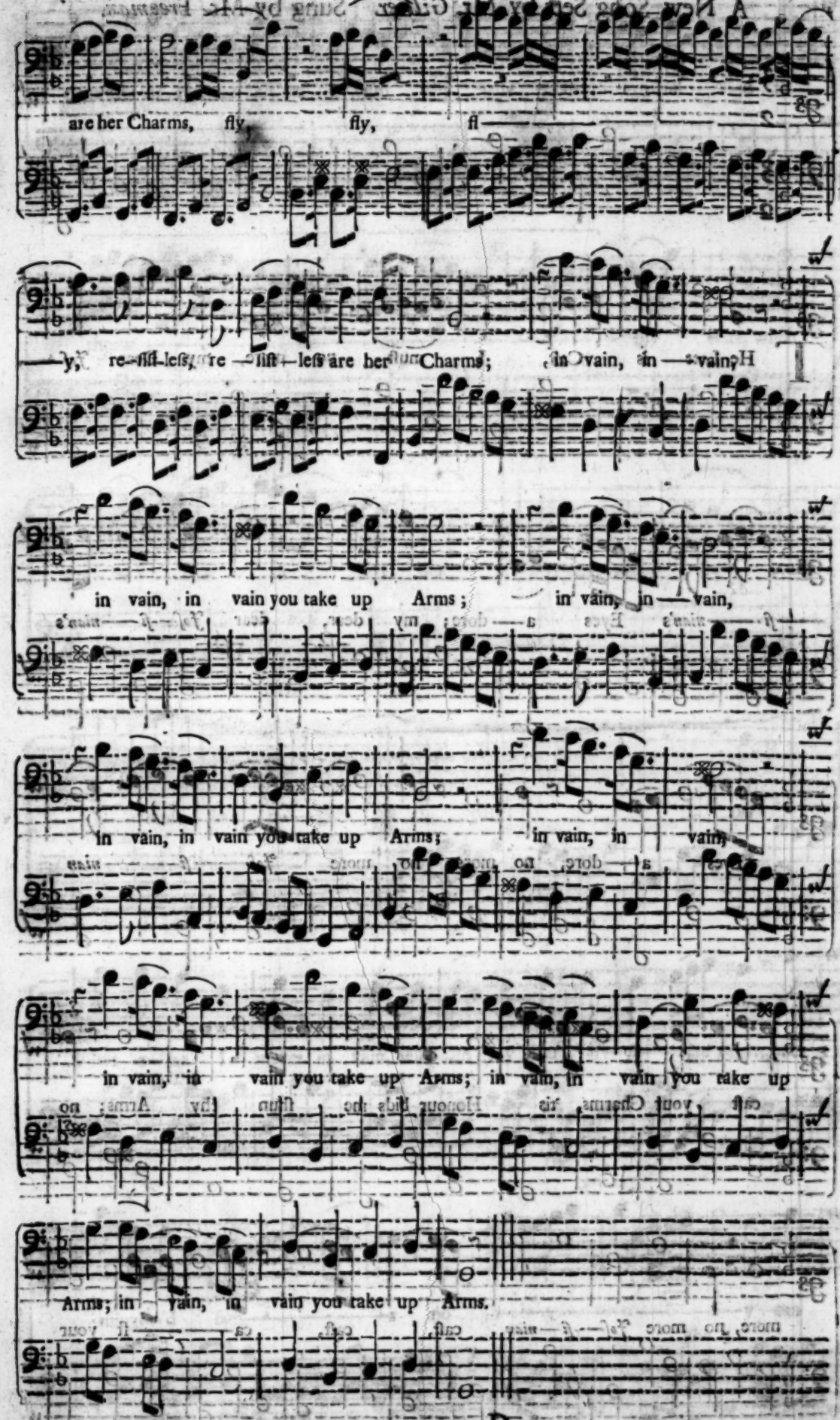
ft de--ſire, and ſo ft de ſire; no force is

proof a--gainſt her Darts, Rea ſon too weak will prove;

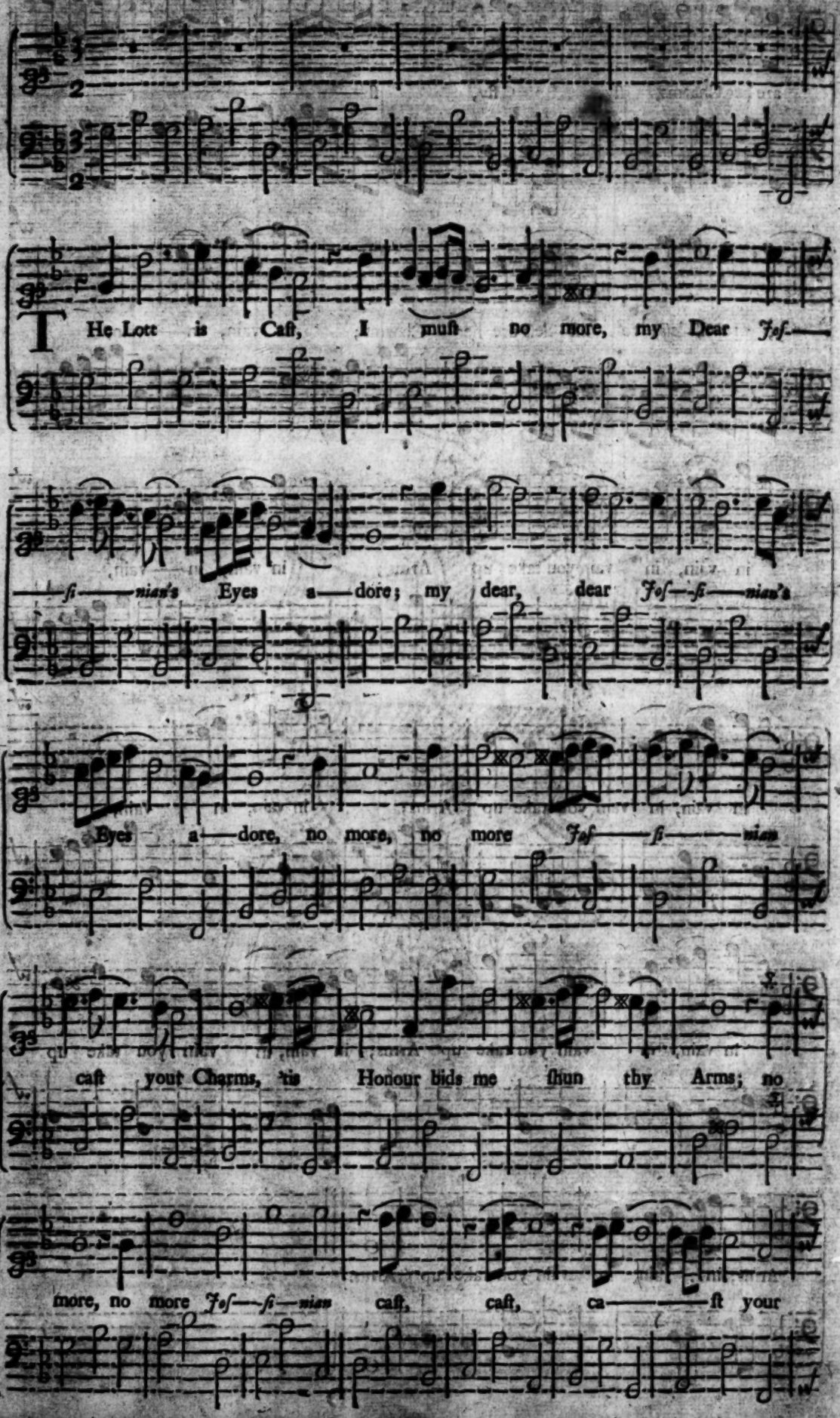
ſhea's Skill in all her ſub--tle Arts of Empire and of

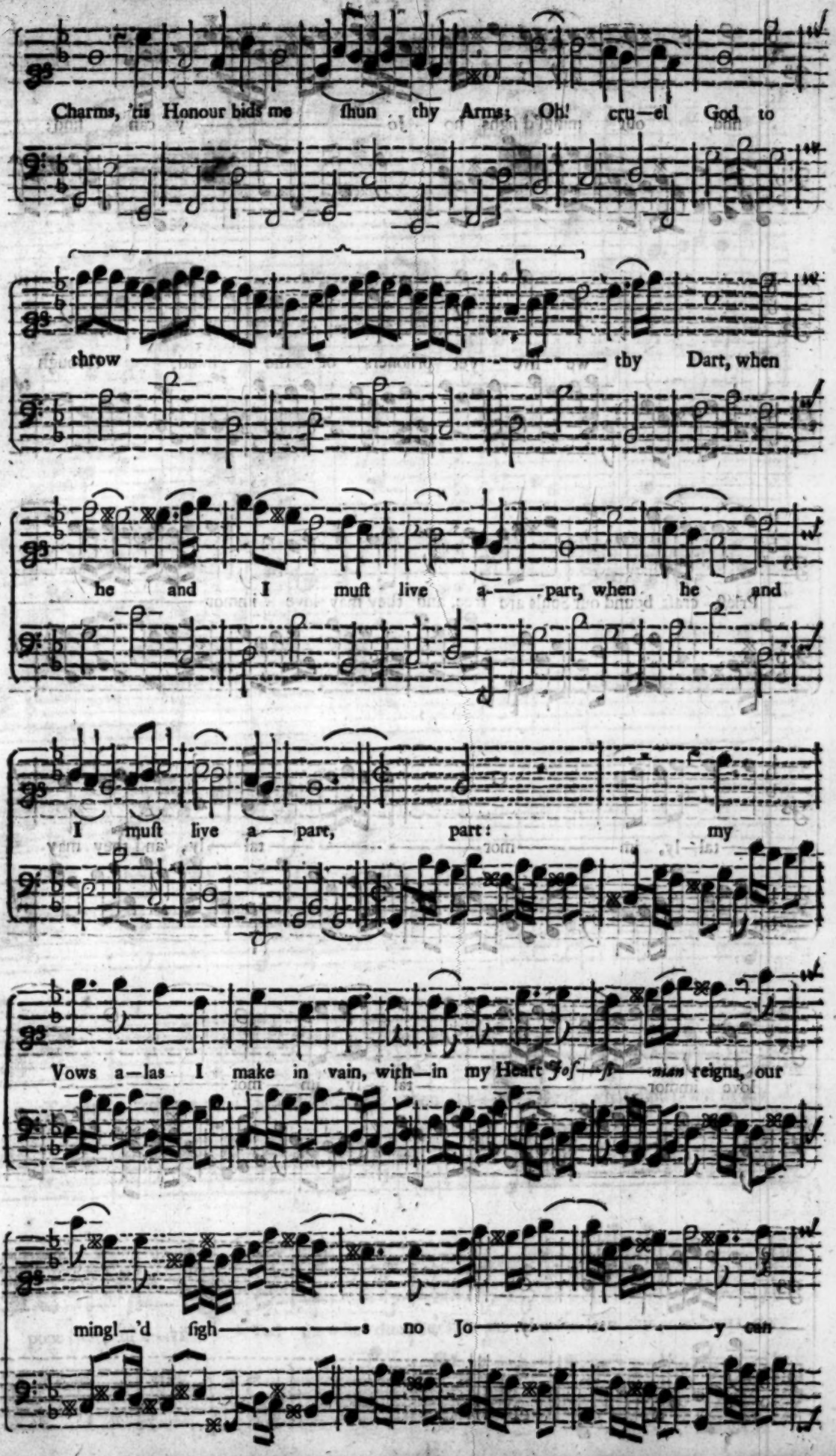
Love: fl y, fl y, fl y, re ſiſt leſs

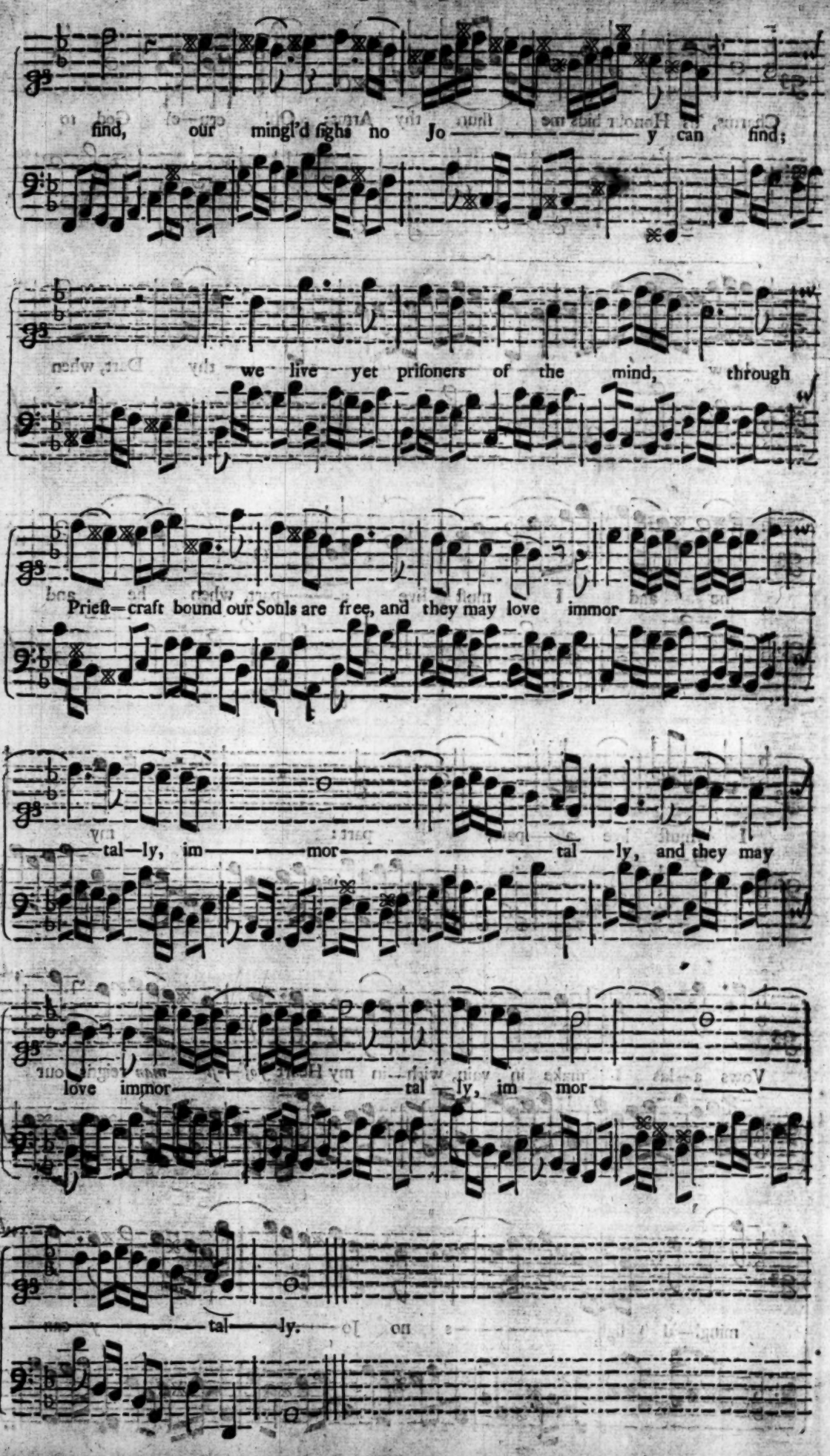



are her Charms, fly, fly, fl—
—y, re—sist—less, re—sist—less are her Charms; in vain, in—vain,
in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in—vain,
in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in vain,
in vain, in vain you take up Arms; in vain, in vain you take up
Arms; in vain, in vain you take up Arms.

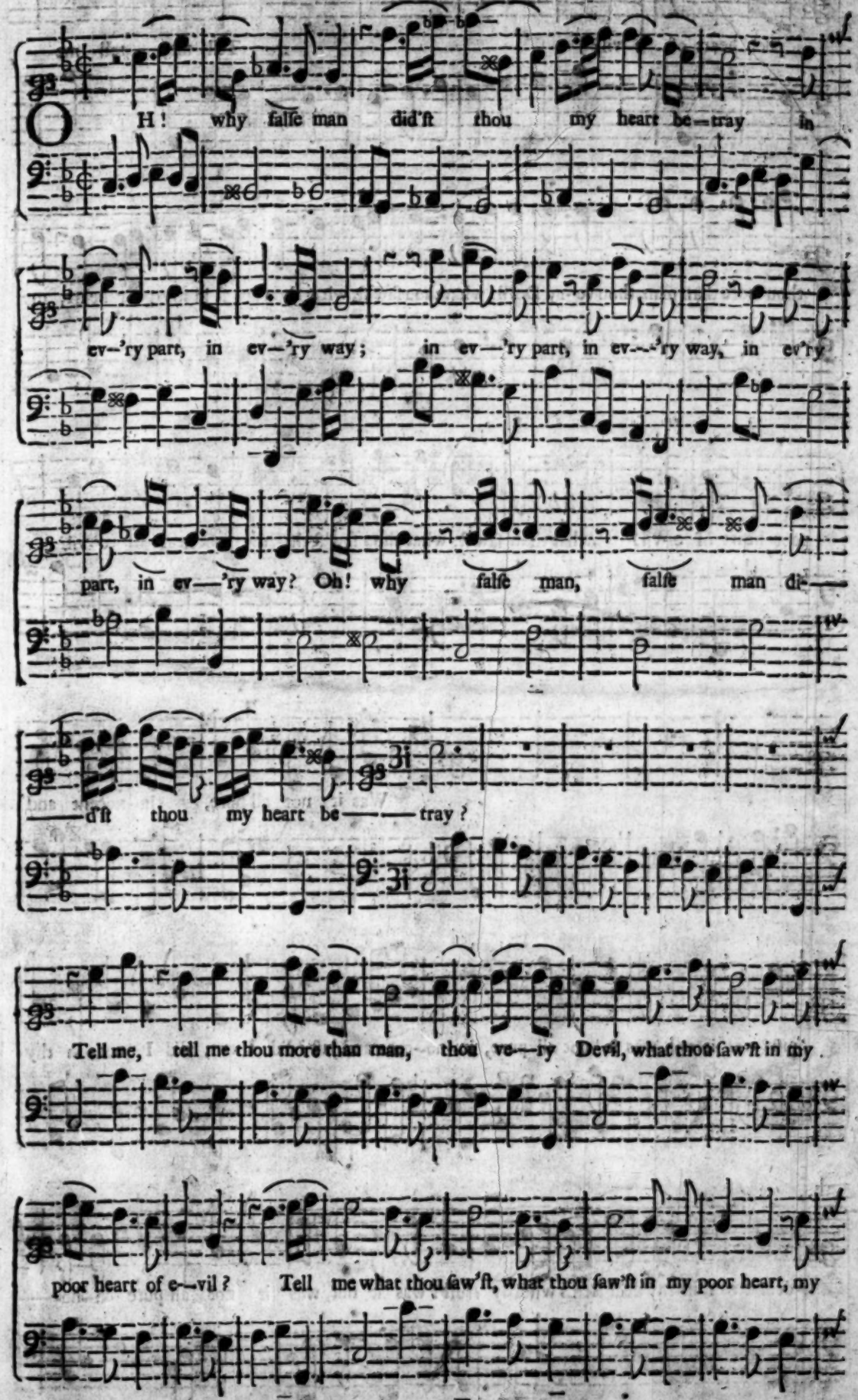
A New Song Sett by Mr. *Gillier.* Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

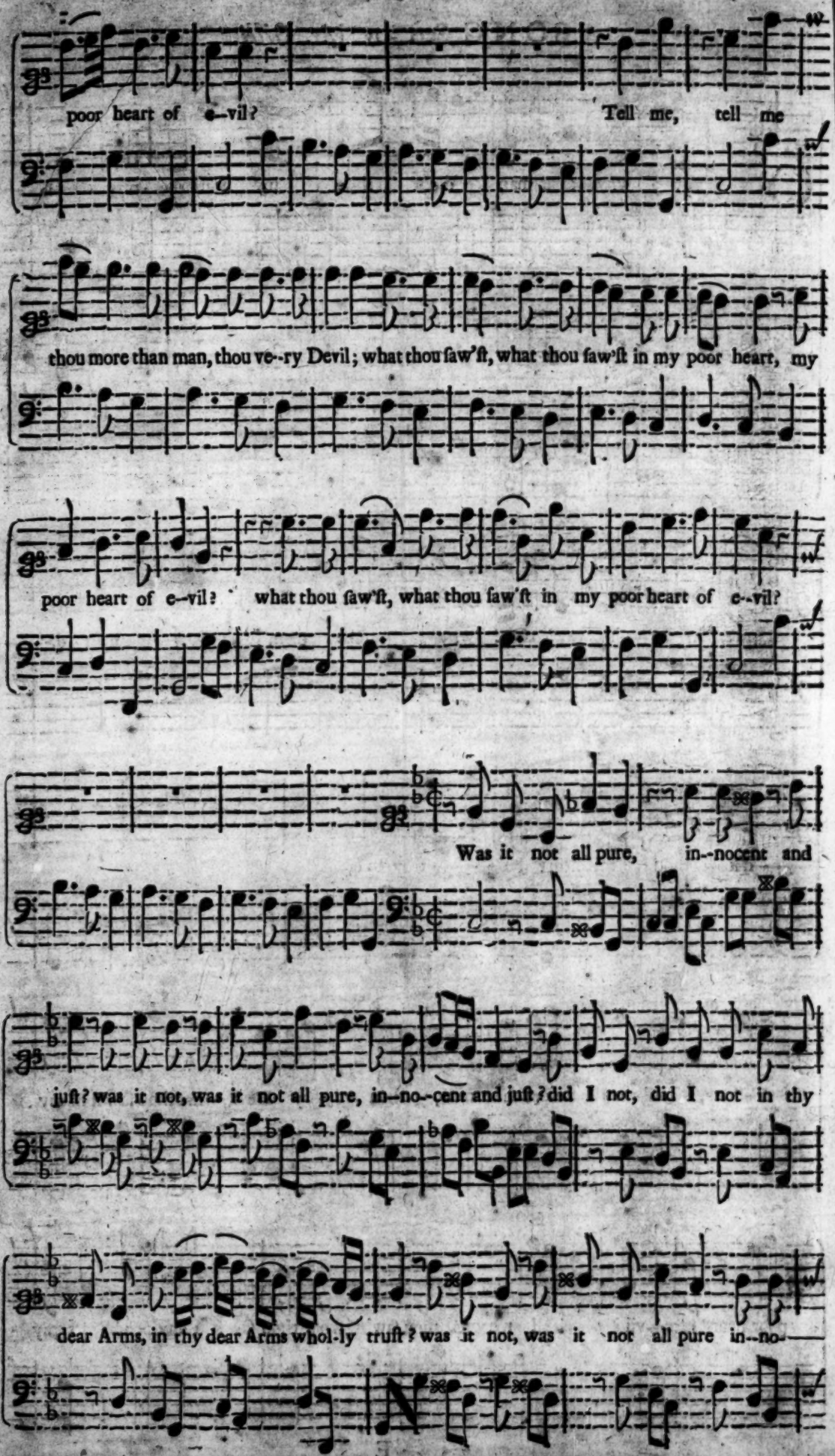


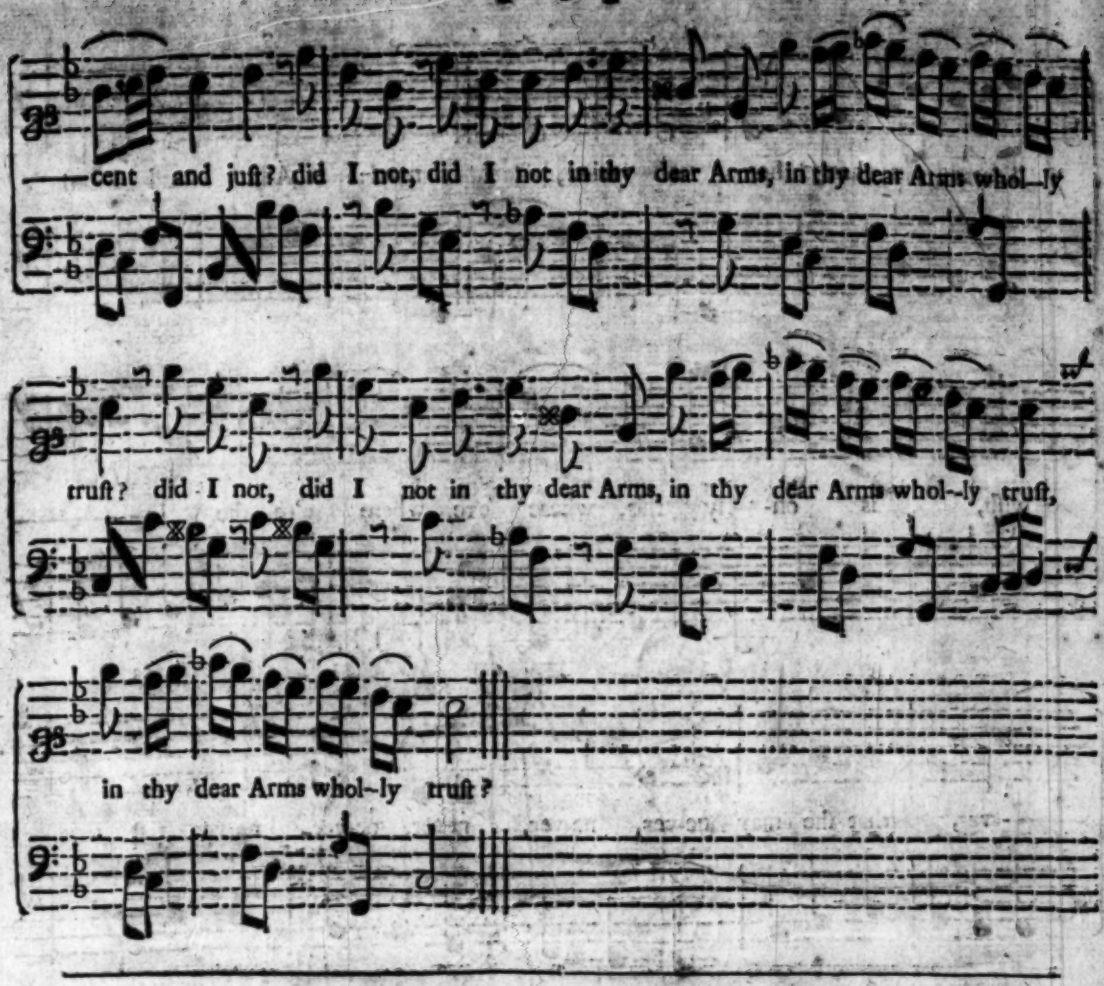

Charms, 'tis Honour bids me ſhun thy Arms; Oh! cru—el God to
throw thy Dart, when
he and I muſt live a—part, when he and
I muſt live a—part, part: my
Vows a—las I make in vain, with—in my Heart Joſ—ſ—nian reigns, our
mingl—'d ſigh—s no Jo—y can


find, our mingl'd sighs no Jo — y can find;
we live yet prisoners of the mind, through
Priest-craft bound our Souls are free, and they may love immor —
tal-ly, im — mor — tal — ly, and they may
love immor — tal — ly, im — mor —
tal — ly.

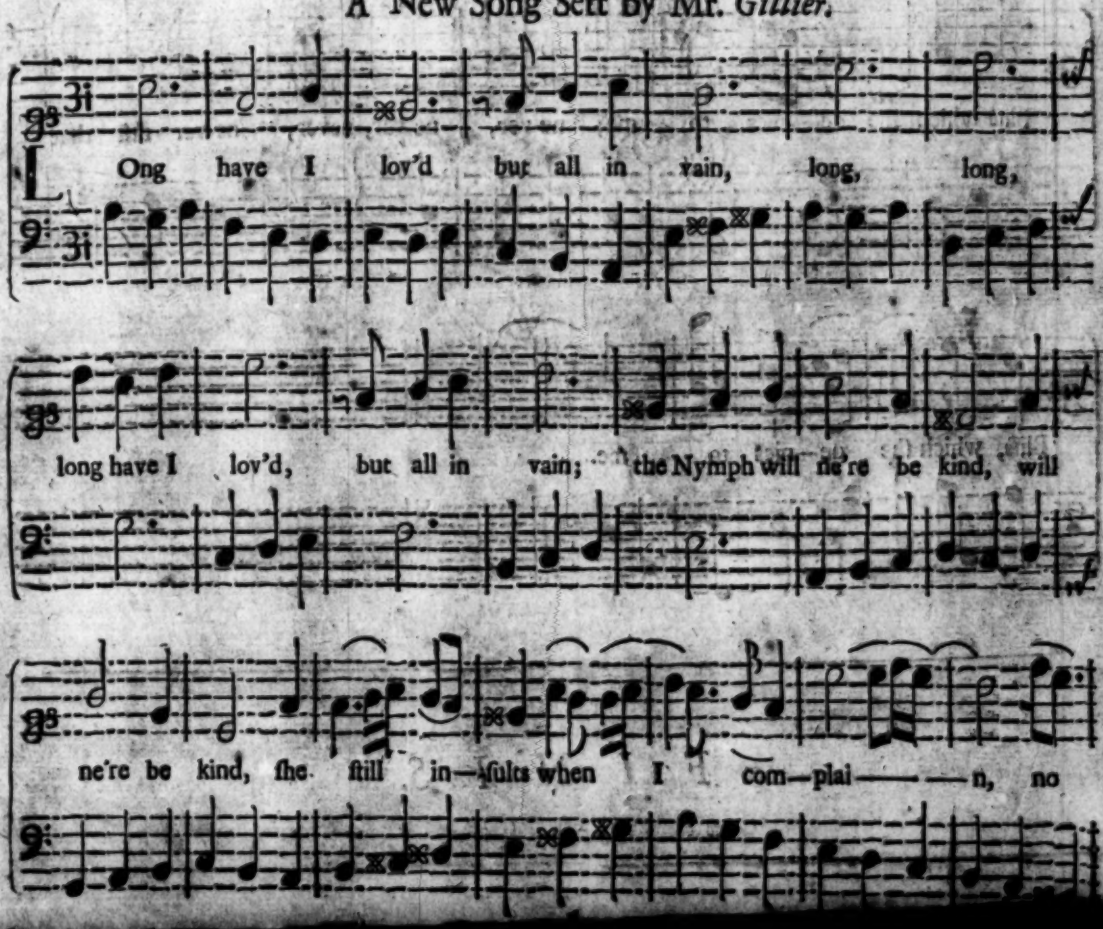
A SONG Set by Mr. Gillier.

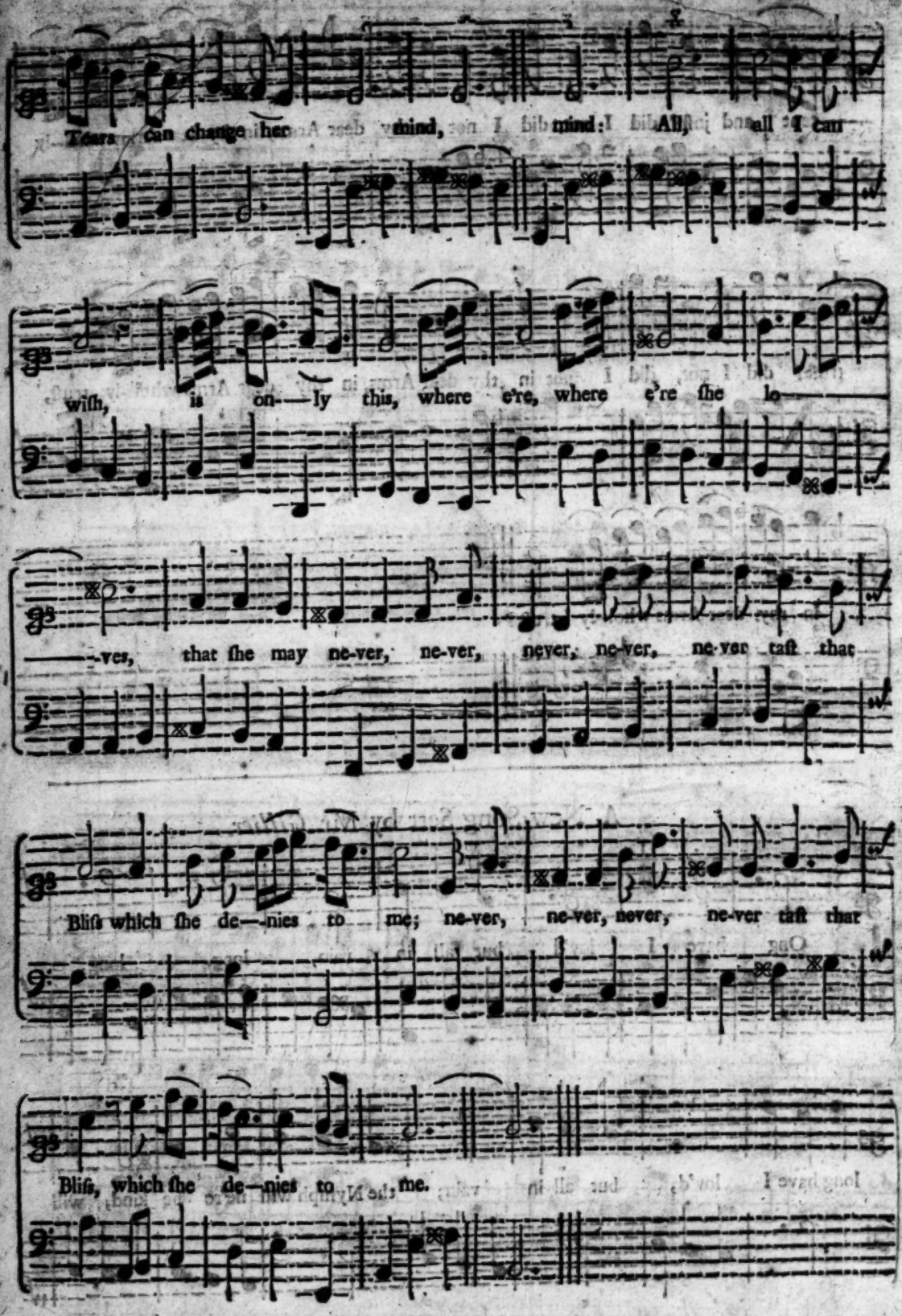



poor heart of e--vil? Tell me, tell me
thou more than man, thou ve--ry Devil; what thou ſaw'ſt, what thou ſaw'ſt in my poor heart, my
poor heart of e--vil? what thou ſaw'ſt, what thou ſaw'ſt in my poor heart of e--vil?
Was it not all pure, in--nocent and
juſt? was it not, was it not all pure, in--no--cent and juſt? did I not, did I not in thy
dear Arms, in thy dear Arms whol-ly truſt? was it not, was it not all pure in--no—



A New Song Sett by Mr. *Gillier.*





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